From a Railway Carriage  
**by Robert Louis Stevenson**

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| **Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;  And charging along like troops in a battle  All through the meadows the horses and cattle:  All of the sights of the hill and the plain  Fly as thick as driving rain;  And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  Painted stations whistle by.  Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,  All by himself and gathering brambles;  Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  And here is the green for stringing the daisies!  Here is a cart runaway in the road  Lumping along with man and load;  And here is a mill, and there is a river:  Each a glimpse and gone forever!** |
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